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AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP

AND THE

Progress of American Civilization:

AN ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

ORDER OF UNITED AMERICANS,

AT THE

Academy of Music, February 22d, 1858.

BY

HON. ERASTUS BROOKS.

NEW YORK:

C. E. GILDERSLEVE, PRINTER AND STATIONER,  
17 WILLIAM STREET.

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*Ladies and Gentlemen :*

*Brothers of the Order of United Americans :*

It has been said to be as much of a task justly to praise great men, as to be great yourself, and as difficult to record great deeds, as to perform them. Tried by any such standard as this, I feel in advance my own failure, and your disappointment. And when I remember that since the invitation to address you upon the present occasion, two among the most honored men in the country,—the one the distinguished orator, and finished scholar, the other the gifted divine, and christian citizen,—have occupied your attention upon the Character of Washington, and upon topics growing out of his services to the nation at large, I feel that my task is difficult, indeed.

When the Romans proposed to pay one of their highest honors to the fair Julia, they decreed a procession, in which was seen the busts of all the heroes of Rome, save those of Brutus and Cassius. The absence of the two was more noted than the presence of all the rest ; and so I fear it will be to-day, when you recall the two names who have so recently occupied your attention, and to either of whom, you and I would be most willing listeners.

Though following at a great distance in their footsteps, let me hope, nevertheless, in the Day, if not in the person, in the Event we celebrate, if not in the orator, something may be uttered not wholly unworthy of the occasion.





## ADDRESS.

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ALL hail the Anniversary of the birth-day of the Father of our country ! Welcome within these walls this vast congregation of American citizens assembled to honor the memory of the devout Christian, the great Civilian, the prudent Statesman, the peerless Chieftain ! No more exalted to the muse of History than to us are the associations of the Day. They recall times and seasons, occurrences and changes, which make up the brightest revelations in our progressive civilization.

In the calendar of events in the history of America, there are some occurrences which loom up as the light of the morning on the horizon. They shine and sparkle in the revolving orbit of the mind, as on the heavens above us are seen, distinguished, and surveyed, some of those constellations which add a peculiar glory to the firmament on which we gaze with so much wonder and delight. Among these interesting events is the discovery of the New World, and the gifted discoverer of that world, whose genius, though fettered by the meanness of jealousy, the ignorance of incredulity, and the wickedness of ingratitude, saw, as with a prophet's eye, this continent before him. Old Ocean, for ever rolling on the distant shores like the ceaseless murmurs of the sea shell in the human ear, whispered of a new land far beyond the old.

“The world was all before him,  
Where to choose his place of rest,  
And Providence his guide.”

Lifted up from deep despair by the warm heart of Isabella, directed by the stars and the clearer light of his own undimmed faith, Columbus tracked the waters which separated the Old World from the New, well knowing that, if successful, his own genius would stimulate the ambition and labors of others to follow in his footsteps. We re-call this more distant event in the beginning of American history to show, in advance, that when permitted to speak for ourselves, and when not

misunderstood through the prejudices and passions of those who may choose to malign us, we both know how to own and acknowledge the distant and foreign source of our national existence and power. Genius belongs to no one country. Heaven-born, it bears upon its face the stamp of divinity. It is the handmaid of art and civilization. Its footstool is the foundation of the Globe, and its land marks the geography of the universe. And as God has made of one blood all the nations of men who dwell upon the face of the earth, and has given to all a common origin and a common grave, we desire in advance to absolve ourselves from all mean prejudices and bigoted opinions on account of race or religion.

We plead guilty, however, to so much of prejudice as may be involved in the fullest confession of a sincere and overruling love of country, and to so much of bigotry, if bigotry it is, as may be found in an honest hostility to every form of faith which seeks to interfere with our political independence. We hail with delight the progress of civilization all over the world,—and if we choose to linger awhile upon the advanced steps it has taken on this Continent,—from the reputed discoveries of the Northmen, nearly a thousand years gone by, to the known discoveries under Henry VII. of England, three centuries and three score years ago,—from Cabot to Columbus, from Genoese to Florentine, and from these again to the discoveries of the Dutch and French,—pray pardon something to the natural instincts of that better nature which teaches us that to love, and to love with a full heart, one's own native land, is no offence to God or man. All honor, then, to the Past,—to all that has been great and good every where,—and to all that shall prove great and good for all time to come. We know what to our country that Past is. It is Plymouth in Old England and Plymouth Rock in New England. It is Maryland and her noble Charter of Toleration, marching hand in hand with Rhode Island and Roger Williams. It is Sir Henry Hudson and the Hudson River. It is Old Amsterdam and New Amsterdam. It is William Penn of Pennsylvania, blending happy memories of Quaker justice and Indian Fidelity. It is Milton, and John Lock, with his South Carolina Constitution modelled upon Plato's Republic, but not quite suited to our practical life and country. Kings and Queens, persons and memories of the Fatherland, yet survive in Commonwealths, Counties, Towns and Municipalities all over the Country. Cavalier and Puritan, Hollander and Huguenot, also live in the past of American History and Civilization. Who can forget that unity in variety, which, when patriotism counselled action, marked the early career of America. It perhaps needed a St. Bartholemew's Day to teach men in France that over the sea there was a new land, where religious toleration neither fettered nor dwarfed, should be as free as the air they breathed, and it may have required a Cromwell in England to vindicate the rights



of an independent faith, and the mind of a Milton to illustrate with his pen what that faith was—and, perhaps, too, the spirit of the early American age was necessary to show to the Old World that among the savages of America an Empire could be founded on the basis of civil and religious liberty.

The noble Constitution or compact found on board the little May Flower, is one of those occurrences in history to which the world looks back with wonder and admiration. On this corner stone was built, substantially, the Declaration of Independence, and the great thought, which, passing stage by stage from several Colonies to one Confederation, and from a League of thirteen Colonies to a Constitutional Government of thirteen equal States, finally made us one people, and gave us the noble Constitution under which we live. American born citizens can never forget all this, and if Immigrants now looking towards the United States to find a home were of the character of the men who came in the spirit of the Pilgrims and Cavaliers, as the intelligent and patriotic exiles of tyranny come, as true laborers come, worthy in themselves, and therefore worthy of hire, or if they came as honorable men of business, we might pray that the tide would flow on, and flow freely, until not our country alone, but the whole boundless continent, was of one form, one faith, and one baptism. No—we do not forget the past upon occasions like the present. We never forget that the ancestors of George Washington came to America more than two centuries ago, and even seventy years before the American Washington was born.

Columbus, when looking out on one portion of this Continent, more than three hundred and sixty years ago, exclaimed: "How beautiful is the new land. I feel as if I could never leave so charming a spot." This new land has since been spread over with productive fields and cultivated gardens, and in the midst of them all have sprung up thrifty villages, noble cities, powerful commonwealths, adorned with all that is grand in art and imposing in nature. How beautiful, indeed, is the new land on which the waiting eyes of Columbus first rested. How wonderful its capabilities! How gradually and magnificently, generation after generation, century after century, has the curtain risen upon fresher and brighter scenes. How, doubling its population every twenty-five years, the country has expanded from Ocean to Lake, from Lake to River, from River to Gulf, from Gulf to the Mountains, and from Mountains to the Ocean again, until it is no longer the fancy of poetry, but the plainest prose-truth, that the Star of Empire, ceasing to be alone radiant in the East, is rising higher and higher over the Far West.

I shall venture, briefly, to speak of the physical, intellectual, and moral advancement of the Continent and country where our lot is cast. As along our thousands of miles of sea coast there are spread

so many light-houses to guide the voyagers on the sea to harbors of safety, so along the pathway of our country's history, rise up prominent events which, upon all our National anniversaries, deserve a passing consideration.

This Continent of ours, then, whose future awakens the interest not only of all who live upon it, but of the intelligent world every where, embraces an extent of nine thousand miles in length, and forms the largest continued body of land on the Globe. It stretches from the frozen regions of the North to the opposite land of the South. It has a breadth of three thousand two hundred and fifty miles, and a surface extent estimated by some, at fifteen or seventeen thousand square miles. Bring to your mind's eye, on the Globe, all that lies from one point North of the Equator, between Cape Canso in Nova Scotia, and Cape Lookout in Oregon, and then turn Southward, between Cape St. Roque in Brazil, and Cape Blanco in Peru,—and you may realize something of the future of our race and country. Turn your eyes then to the Atlantic, and behold dotted out the deep sea soundings, which span the shores between Europe and America, soon by the magic touch of a telegraphic wire in Wall street, in the twinkling of an eye, to tell us of the values of American productions, from the Bourse in Paris or Lombard street in London, to Novogorod in Russia, or far down the Danube to the Golden Horn; to discourse, too, of wars in India and China—of new treaties with Japan—of credit and trade, now for a season prostrated, but soon again by the inexhaustible energies of thrift and commerce, to bring before your vision the ocean covered all over with transports, bearing to and fro upon its bosom the productions of the world. But not alone for Mars and Mammon shall this new Wizzard of American Invention span the earth or rest in the caves of the sea. Moved by the gentle hands of Charity and of Mercy, every touch of this genii of the seas shall discourse in tones sweeter than the “Dorian moods of flutes and soft recorders.” And its voice shall be not alone of trade and arms, but added to these shall be the language of kindred, friendship, and of affection. Missions of religion, like those which belong to the Ambassadors of the Cross, and sent from our own land all over the civilized world—recording angels of mercy, like Florence Nightengale in the Crimea, visiting the sick, comforting the broken-hearted, ministering to the forsaken, and spending weary days and nights upon “voyages of discovery and circumnavigations of charity,” shall also be a part of the good news transmitted, by magic touches and lightning flashes, beneath the sea and athwart the land. Look now for a moment from Oregon into Russia, or from the American Pacific westward into Asia. Siberia is, as it were, at our very doors, and yet what a world of wilderness lies between here and there—mountains longer than the Himmalayas, though not so lofty—rivers

the most majestic in the world, and forests unequalled for their extent and magnificence.

What, my countrymen, in the course of human events, is to be the destiny of all this territory? Since the Confederation, the thirteen colonies have become thirty-one States and seven Territories, with new States and new Territories seeking political union with the Government at every session of Congress. First, after the Constitution, came Louisiana, by treaty and fair purchase, and as an acquisition necessary to the trade and commerce of the country. Hemmed in by the navigable waters leading to the ocean, and which divide North and South America, the advancing tide of population would have burst the fetters that enchained them, had they not, as it were, like the waters of the Red Sea, providentially opened to receive those who had now become the responsible masters of the country. Happily for us, if, as with the children of Israel, the hosts of Pharaoh, typical of our country's enemies, come they armed with the plagues of Northern Disunion, or the demon of Southern Secession, shall alone be engulfed in the pursuit. More was not given to the prophet of old than to behold the promised land. May it be our good fortune to possess it in honor, to preserve it in peace, and by a noble example to maintain it for all time, for the benefit of the whole human family. In the spirit of a wise statesmanship Louisiana was purchased for a valuable consideration of several millions of dollars from France, and Florida for a smaller sum from Spain, and in that avowed faith, on the part of those who conducted the negotiations of the country, came Texas, California, the Messilla Valley, and all the millions of acres which have been added to our extended domain. In no other spirit let one additional acre of land be added to the territory of the United States. All conquest is not glory, and conquest in the mere love of power, where the strong crushes the weak—in the mere pride of strength, where the use becomes abuse—with no motive but aggrandisement, no stimulant but ambition, bears both in the heart and upon the countenance the stamp of cowardice. What we dare not do against the greatest power on earth, let us not dare to do towards the weakest. Though our rulers had the ambition of Cæsar, of Alexander, and of Napoleon, they ought to be satisfied with the natural progress of Empire on this Continent. The country is already, and every where in South America, at heart, anti-European in action—and in many parts, United States American in feeling, except as opposition is aroused by the spirit of uncalled for invasion from our midst. Under our form of government—with any respect for established International law, with any regard for just relations between friendly governments, even with any honest appreciation of solemn oaths for the impartial



administration of the statutes of our own country, there can be, from our shores, under no false guise of personal right, or of assumed powers over, or of pretended friendships for, a neighboring people, any invasion of force against governments with which we are at peace. A mean pretext for baseness is not inferior to an overt bad action. It is not enough, says Mr. Burke, that men mean well. It becomes them to do well.

It is sometimes also a wise maxim for nations as well as men, to make haste slowly. This was the policy of the Roman Fabius and of the American Washington. Celerity of motion is meant for the wings of the wind, for the birds of the air, for storms and lightnings, for swift messengers of thought that travel apace like the fleecy clouds, but not always for advancing Empires and Principles. Washington let the common enemy of the country follow him from the banks of the Hudson to the distant borders of the Delaware, from Philadelphia to Valley Forge, in order that he might, after that disastrous retreat, which he could not control, bide his time and become, in turn, if not the fall pursuer, at least ready for whatever Providence might open before him. Patience and courage gave him victory even in the midst of seeming disaster. By one bold stroke, one brave, impetuous, daring charge at Trenton, he retrieved the fortunes of the campaign, and changed the whole face of affairs. The fast men of our day would have characterized Washington as slow of pace and purpose, whereas reflection, sagacity, forecaste, judgment—traits of character now by no means common with the majority of our countrymen—were among the crowning glories of his life. To see the end from the beginning, to catch the first glimmerings of hope, to seize the golden opportunity, and to mould it into a practical reality, is the wisest statesmanship; and Washington, with his innate sense of right, was not alone a law to himself, but to all his countrymen, upon questions of public policy. My friends, I plead to-day for his living example. He had the nicest sense of honor, as to the true relations existing between his own and other Governments. He would not tolerate that at home which he felt to be wrong abroad. Hence, when the French Government manifested a purpose to direct and dictate in the affairs of the United States, he became intensely American. He had seen the old leaven of home disaffection, foreign interference and ambition, on the part of many of the European trained officers who served during the war, and this feeling, naturally enough perhaps, but most offensively in manner and word, developed itself in the person of the Minister of France soon after the adoption of the Constitution, and at a later period again in the expedition set on foot by General Miranda. The country had within its borders a French party, and what was alleged to be a British party. Our

Ambassadors and Ministers abroad, as between each other, became partizans for England or for France. Adams and Jay were accused by their cotemporaries of British sympathies, and Franklin and Jefferson of French sympathies. At this distance of time, when we remember that each of these distinguished men have long been in their graves—that two of the number, of the most opposite opinions, as if providentially to indicate that all unhappy memories should be buried with them—died on the same day, and that day the Anniversary of our National Independence—it is our privilege to discriminate impartially, not only between them, but between all the Statesmen and the heroes of the past, even if prejudice and passion will not allow us to do this of living men.

The men of whom we speak were patriots all. They served their country with an eye single to its highest glory. It is true they had infirmities of temper common to our nature. They had aspirations for fame, and a desire for usefulness, but these are sentiments which become men of noble minds. Though cotemporaries, they saw things from opposite points, and looking to the future, very naturally took different views of the destiny and interests of the country. They were party men, too, and after the organization of the Government, took sides for a strong Federal Government, or for an enlarged distribution of power in the States and with the people, according to their own ideas of what, in the end, would best promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of union to themselves and their posterity. Let the heat of partizan zeal in our own times, teach us to pardon something to the spirit of liberty in the days of our fathers, for if they were strong party men, they were true as the needle to the poles to their whole country. They rarely, and never in their public acts, "gave up to party what was meant for mankind."

Take, by way of example, one of the prominent points in the divisions between the elder Adams and Thomas Jefferson. The former applied his best energies in building up a powerful navy. The latter, like most of the public men of his time, had more confidence in the army. There was the same strife as to what constituted the most reliable arm of defence in the second war with England—and it is but justice to the memory of the distinguished dead, as well as to honored men living, to say of this class, that they were for meeting England upon that very element of which she claimed to be the mistress. The old memories of Drake, and of Raleigh, the genius of Blake, the rising glory of Nelson, had made Britain boastful of her maritime glory. Her national sea song was fast verging towards the boast of her later poet:

"Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep,  
Her march is on the mountain waves,  
Her home is on the deep."



And old John Adams then, as Henry Clay and Daniel Webster afterwards, was for meeting the foe where native courage and true seamanship could best decide the battle. "Nothing else" (than a navy) said Mr. Adams, in 1813, in a letter to a friend, "can secure, protect, or defend us." He was impressed, then, with a memorable conversation he had held thirty-four years before, when Minister abroad, in which the Intendant of the Navy, at Lorient, in the presence of the Chevalier de la Luzerne, Marbois, and twenty other officers of the French Navy, declared, to the amazement of the hearers:—"Your country is about to become the first naval power in the world." And the reasons given were so honorable to the capacity of the country, and especially to the workmanship of the American mechanics of that day—more than seventy-seven years since—that I am happy to repeat them in your presence.

Mr. Adams, naturally surprised at the statement made, asked what had led to such conclusion, and this was the answer of Thevenard:

"My reasons are obvious. You have all the materials and the knowledge and skill to employ them. You have timber, hemp, tar and iron, seamen and naval architects equal to any in the world. The frigate in which you came here is equal to any in Europe. I have examined her and I assure you there is not in the King's service, nor in the English navy, a frigate more perfect and complete in materials and workmanship."

In 1778, Mr. Adams went to France in the frigate *Boston*. She was a small vessel, in the command of one possessed of a true Yankee heart and courage. A rich prize crossed his path, and though the American Ambassador, sent upon an important civil mission, was on board,—and fighting for this reason rather to be avoided than encouraged,—the temptation was too great not to try the seamanship of the men, and the qualities of the two vessels. The good ship *Boston*, and Captain Tucker, won the day, and a British Commander of twenty years service in the Navy, and several Lieutenants, surrendered to one, half sailor, half farmer, but bred in one of those great nurseries of seamen which have sprung up wherever there is a New England Fishery. It was the declaration of this British Captain, too, that he had never seen a completer ship; that there was not a frigate in the Royal Navy better built, of better materials, or more perfectly equipped, furnished or armed.

Such was the judgment of our naval architecture and skill by competent French and British authorities nearly four score years gone by. Since that day our Marine, when fostered by the Government, whether for defence upon the ocean, or for commerce in any portion of the civilized world has not been deficient in the just expectations of the country. And one reason of this is because the people have built

their own ships, and the government has encouraged its own seamen. With the contribution of a small bounty, it has procured a hardy race of sailors, engaged in their own service in time of peace, but ready, whenever the word of command is given to pipe all hands on board of any vessel of war which may be commissioned into service.

And upon the land, as upon the sea, in my judgment, it should always be the duty of the Government to keep a steady eye, first and foremost, to the advancement of its own internal interests, whether of the soil or the workshop, and of its own native citizens, so long as they are true to the land of their birth.

I may enlarge upon this topic by and by,—but I will not leave it now, should I forget it hereafter, without invoking for my countrymen born,—in all professions of learning,—in all branches of mechanical and manufacturing industry,—in all departments of labor,—in planting and tillage,—in invention and art,—upon the sea and upon land,—superior claims to political honor, notice and preferment,—over all that is alien in parentage, production or service.

I honor and esteem all those who, in like manner, love their own nativity, and seek to make their own the best country upon the face of the earth. I feel that the child who loves its own father and mother better than all other earthly parents, is but obeying those instincts which are the source and soul of its best affections. And next to our household gods, whom to save and defend we are ready to meet every danger, and if need be, to embrace even death itself, is our own country—the places where we were born,—the firesides of our childhood,—the domain,—be it much or little, consecrated to infancy and advancing years,—the homesteads we have left, and around which forever cluster a thousand memories of the love we have received, the hopes we have cherished, and the life we have enjoyed.

I envy not the man to whom all lands, all persons, all associations, are the same. He whose ears are not regaled as he hears the inspiring strains of the Star Spangled Banner,—whose eyes do not beam with a fresher radiance as he sees floating aloft in triumph the flag of his country,—whose spirit is not bowed in reverence as he visits the tomb of Washington,—whose heart is not filled with grateful memories as he treads upon the consecrated soil of Lexington and Yorktown, of Saratoga and Camden, of Bunker Hill and King's Mountain,—in whose bosom there are no emotions of love and thanksgiving as he pauses to survey the material growth of his own native land, and to contemplate its advancement in Civilization,—has no just appreciation of his own nature, nor of that beneficent Providence which, like an attending angel, every where surrounds him. This is the divinity which stirs within us, and every true man has felt the blood coursing more quickly through his veins as he has gazed upon such



a scene, and allowed himself to enjoy the memories it recalled. For myself, years gone by, far away on the Baltic, on board of a free American ship, beholding its flag streaming to the winds,—and a little later as I passed bales upon bales of cotton, grown upon American soil, and which had traversed thousands of miles by sea, and hundreds more far toward the heart of Russia,—or again, as I looked upon the compass and chain, the theodolite and sextant, which the American Engineers, were there using in the surveys of foreign land, and in building the Railroad between Moscow and St. Petersburg,—and a little later still, when following an American built Locomotive by the Styrian Alps—I enjoyed a sentiment of national pride which will remain with me like a heritage to the latest day of my life. These were the triumphs of peace. They were the land-marks of American genius scattered along the high way of nations, and to which the proudest potentates of the earth were paying their willing tribute of homage and respect. All of you, who have visited the old world, have enjoyed the same sensations of delight, as all of you, I know, have sometimes regretted to see some countryman of yours abroad, indifferent to his Fatherland as a private citizen, and faithless, and too often incapable of the trusts reposed in him, as a public man.

Party spirit and party power often send abroad unfit representatives of the American name and character. The rule and law should be that Ambassadors and Minister, Consuls and Agents, should have precedence as American born citizens. The Constitution of the United States requires this, without qualification, both of the Chief Magistrate of the Nation, and of the Vice-President of the United States. Why, then, for any high office, except upon the most extraordinary occasions, as when a Hamilton or a Gallatin, or men of like mark and ability, volunteer for the public service, should there be any exception to the rule? It is due that all who represent the government should be pre-eminently AMERICAN,—and to be so, they ought to be “natives and to the manner born.” If of foreign birth and education, possessing the sympathies and prejudices common to their own country,—no matter what that country is,—they can but rarely feel as one born upon the soil, educated in its schools, and growing up as a part of its very self, with a daily and familiar acquaintance with its Institutions. Speaking my own sentiments, therefore, I entertain no sympathy with, and very little respect for, the alien born citizen, in whose bosom is rooted out all love for the land of his nativity. It is against Nature, and therefore, against the Creator.

It will never be possible for the countrymen of Miltiades to forget the plains of Marathon, nor the Christians of Palestine the Capital of Judea, and if the descendants of Moses and of the Athenians bear these ancient remembrances as a hallowed talisman of the past, who,

in a land like this, shall venture to prove indifferent to the claims of a living ancestry.

*“Coelum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare, currunt.”*

It is justly expected of the exile from oppression who changes his own country, that he will conform to the laws and customs of the land in which he seeks to find a home. A like duty is no less demanded from those who emigrate to improve their own social position and business. To all such, coming in a kindly, friendly, intelligent spirit, and abjuring all foreign allegiance, we bid a brotherly welcome. The American who expatriates himself to Spain,—or to Cuba, as one of the Spanish dependencies,—is expected within a brief period to change the faith of his fathers and the religion of his life. If as a Protestant he visits Italy, he is not allowed Christian burial in the consecrated grounds of the Church, and barely within the walls of the city. Dying a heretic,—as the Italian Church esteems heresy,—he is buried like a dog near the gates of the Imperial City, except, perchance, some friend or countryman is at hand to give a formal decency to his obsequies.

In all the world abroad what peculiar privileges have American citizens? Where do they find laws corresponding to those at home, and granted as a free will offering to all classes and conditions of people?

In Europe, after a lifetime of toil, or a large investment of capital, one may slowly ascend the ladder of fortune. Here, we not only open wide our gates, “on golden hinges turning,” for the foreigner to come in, but some of us are content to make America the Botany Bay of criminals, the common Alms-House of the world, and even to discriminate against our own countrymen. He, who only the year before, may have been the most corrupt, ignorant, and degraded citizen at his own home over the sea,—it may be, for it has been,—the inmate of a Prison, or of an Alms-House,—a burglar or an assassin,—is suddenly transformed into the dignity of an American citizen. His vote is received for a Member of Congress,—for Members of the two Houses of a Territorial Legislature, and for Delegates to a Convention to frame a Constitution.

If this is not cheapening citizenship to the lowest price consistent with the meanest estimate of the human mind and body, if it is not granting a premium to vice, laziness and ignorance, I know not how to characterize it. Your own citizenship, cost not merely the blessings of an American birth, for which you desire to be duly thankful, but twenty-one years residence in the country where you were born, with all the toil, thought, study and reflection, of more than half the period of the average of your lives. Every State Constitution makes



the same requirement of others as of you, and in my judgment, the demand is just, for where franchise cannot be regulated by qualification, it ought to be regulated by time, in the hope, other things failing, that time will secure qualification. Surely, also, an intelligent American at the age of eighteen, is as well qualified to vote, as an unintelligent alien at the age of twenty-one years, whose residence in the country may, supposing him to have filled the full legal term of probation, have reached but five years. As the law is, or as the law is administered among us, it is discriminating and unequal. Where it is not, it is an exception to the general rule. A Republican Government pre-supposes something like qualification on the part of the citizen, but where one, like your Speaker, has ventured to urge in an official position, a modification of the Naturalization Laws, so as to secure, without extension of time, their honest administration,—an improved qualification before voting, to the extent of an ability to read a provision in the Constitution of the United States, or of the State where the voter offers his ballot,—or some better method of establishing the purity of the Ballot Box,—so that every voter could give but one ballot, at a single election, and a fatal facility to fraud be thereby prevented,—the endeavor has been treated as an act of bigotry towards aliens, and as a thing impracticable in itself. There is no charge to which gentlemen attached to this Order, or to any Division of the American Party are in justice less liable. In the first place, it is out of the power of any Party to disfranchise any one upon whom the Constitution confers the right of citizenship. In the second place, any amendment of the Constitution, looking to the improved educational qualification of the voter, will operate in form, if not in substance, upon the American born as upon the naturalized citizen, and therefore it is, I think, that all men seeking to secure a spark of political honesty in the body politic, ought to unite with you in securing a pure Ballot Box.

Where, then, shall this charge of bigotry and proscription rest. Not upon us who sustain the Constitution as it is, and who maintain the laws as they are, and who only seek to improve the law,—but rather upon those who, being demagogues in practice, represent themselves as the only true friends of the foreign-born.

In the promotion of these principles, and of all the principles you advocate, adopted citizens should rather co-operate with you than rank themselves as your enemies. For what are you, my countrymen, united together? Certainly not to persecute or oppose a man because his birth-place was in Great Britain, Germany, or elsewhere in a foreign land. Certainly not to take from him one right or privilege conferred by the Constitution. Why, then, are you here to-day as an "Order of United Americans." I will tell you, my friends, and



through you, all who may be willing to listen to what I, as one of your organization, may say in your behalf. It is to keep alive within our own hearts, and by precept and good example, in the hearts and lives of other men, an undying attachment to our own country. It is, that as a Nation, we may be saved not alone from our enemies, but from ourselves, from our own prosperity as well as from our often threatened political adversity. It is to cultivate a spirit of esteem and respect between all the States of the American Union, and of fraternal courtesy and kindness between all the Citizens of the United States. It is to promote the happiness of the whole American People, and the true glory of the entire American Nation. It is—to pass from the mere expression of sentiment, and to adopt the farewell words of him whose birthday we celebrate—to “beware of Foreign Influence,”—in the Church, if in the Church it is attempted, in the State, if in the State it exists, and everywhere where its appearance may be visible. It is to build up this American Republic of ours, in the most holy faith of the fathers of the Revolution, so that the precepts which they taught shall shine brighter and brighter unto the coming of that perfect day, when all governments and all people, guided by the Omnipotent power and mercy of Him who does all things well, shall like kindred drops be mingled into one. It is to “frown upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate one portion of this Union from the rest,”—and to seek to baptize this whole land, and all the people who inhabit it,—regardless of birth-place,—in the full and overflowing spirit of that STRENGTH AND FRIENDSHIP, UNITY AND CHARITY, which are the four corner stones of your associated faith.

Here is our creed. These are our weapons of warfare, and tell us, fellow citizens, whether, in such a struggle for the right, you are for us or against us,—and tell us also, not as politicians, but as men, whether there is anything bigotted, proscriptive or uncharitable in such Articles of Faith. To accomplish all this is no holiday work, nor is it a small labor amidst the growing innovations of the day, wholly to Americanize the country.

We seek to banish all foreign domination, and all forms of foreign domination from our midst. Let those who come from Germany, Ireland, and all foreigners in America seeking to make the country their home, put off—not the old memories of the old Fatherland, for that is not natural, nor possible,—but those distinctive badges of foreign nationality, which make them a race or people by themselves. Be not, on our national holidays, German soldiers, or Irish soldiers, mustered into German and Irish Companies, and formed into German and Irish Battalions and Regiments,—but rather be American soldiers, wearing the uniform of your adopted country, and under that plume, and in that uniform, be, in mind and heart, thoroughly Ameri-

can. Forget, upon the surface at least, and politically always, that you are Germans in America, as we forget the Germans who for hire served against our fathers when every additional feather's weight of opposition from abroad seemed like the burden of a mountain upon their shoulders. De Kalb and Steuben are living names in our history, and they will not cease to be so while the volunteers at the battle of Monmouth are remembered, the Commander in the trenches at Yorktown appreciated, or the field of Camden remains to point the traveler where the noble De Kalb fell dead after receiving half a score of mortal wounds in his efforts to save his gallant little army. The last moments of this noble soldier were passed in expressing sentiments of devotion to his new country, and in manifesting his deep felt affection for the officers and men of his division, and his admiration for their constancy and courage. We distinguish between such men and those who set at defiance the laws and common sense, the thoughts and habits, of the great body of the American people.

The Sabbath in our country, for example, is an institution. Be it our whim, caprice, fancy, education, or even our fanaticism, or be it a high moral sentiment, we desire to see the day respected, not in a pharasaical or sanctimonious spirit, but as an occasion recognized by law, and from the foundation of the Government held sacred by the People. If an American visits Europe he obeys the laws and follows the customs of the country, however objectionable they may seem. If his inclinations lead him to the Vatican, the Palace, the Senate Chamber, or the Opera—even to the dress he wears—he is expected to conform to all written or understood regulations of the people around him. If he expatriates himself and takes up his residence in a foreign land, he is all the more required not to do violence to the opinions of those with whom he has cast his lot. “Among the Romans do as the Romans do,” is a trite maxim not undeserving consideration, and he who cannot submit himself to the moral restraints of the country of which he is a citizen, or seeks to become a citizen, and even to all its mere formal regulations, should take himself out of that country as speedily as possible.

Some of us, as Americans, entertain a theory which we are willing to have tried by any standard of political or social ethics which any class of our countrymen can devise.

In the Preamble of all the Constitutions of the “Order of United Americans” I have seen, they make “the Word of God the Magna Charta of Civil and Religious Liberty.” This may seem to some a political heresy, and to others a very ostentatious display of piety. To the last objection let me answer, it is but fair that all men should be judged rather by their lives, than by their professions, and to the first also let me give a reason for the faith that is in us. It is known



to be a part of your written law that no man shall be assailed for his religious opinions; but surely that is not a religious opinion which blends a political government with a secular creed, or which seeks to unite, in political bonds, by political agencies, or for political purposes, things so totally dissimilar. Church and State alliances are at war with the spirit of our National and State Constitutions. You seek to have the Bible read in your Public Schools. Your enemies, more than once, and even recently, have sought to banish it from these schools. To accomplish their purposes they combined openly against all forms of opposition. They marshalled their multitudes under Priestly dictation. They harangued these multitudes night after night, and month after month. They instituted a new political party, whose limbs and vision, mind and muscle, speech and purpose, were all of foreign birth and spirit. They demanded a Sectarian division of the School fund. They went to the State Capitol to destroy the old Public School system, consecrated by time and a noble intelligence; but I rejoice to say they were beaten in that contest by the Representatives of the People, as I hope they always will be overcome, in struggles of like character. It was this hostility to an established system of Education in which we had grown and prospered as a City and a State, and especially to the reading of the Bible in our Schools, which created the Order of United Americans. It grew up in no spirit of fanaticism. It found, ready in the field, armed at all points, a powerful and formidable enemy, and it prepared for the contest to which it was forced; but it was not meant—and never was intended, and is not now designed—that the Secular teacher in our Schools should become the exponent of any creed or dogma—but simply that in the pure letter of the English text of the Bible, and in the beauty of the sublimest wisdom that ever emanated from the heart and minds of inspired men, that the Lord's Prayer, and the plain precepts and teachings of God's Holy Book, like a sunbeam from the sun of righteousness—the great cloud by day and pillar of fire by night—should be read in every School-house in the State, and, if it were in our power to have it so, we would add, from every School-room in the land. We do not teach sectarian creeds, but we will read Christian precepts. This mysterious book thus read, has been the pole star of this Government, and of the Government from whence we sprung. All Protestant sects unite with one voice to disseminate its truths. It was the hope of Luther, and the soul of the Reformation. Intimately connected with intelligent freedom—and a spirit of self-reliance through all the world where it was known, it naturally became the child of Civil and Religious government in America. The North Star in the skies, and the Star of Bethlehem in Judea, reflected in the hearts of the Pilgrim Fathers, was the

moral and geographical compass that guided the May Flower from the English Coast to Plymouth Harbor. It took the Puritans from England to Holland, and to secure a Government still more independent, the religious sentiments of the Pilgrims were transplanted, like a young and tender tree, from Holland to America.

And, in New England by these same Puritans; in Virginia by the Cavaliers; in New York by off-shoots from Holland and England; in Pennsylvania by William Penn,—were planted, and, as it seemed, by the hands of the Almighty, those seminal principles of liberty which have spread from ocean to ocean, through half the circuit of the sun. And may they spring up, live, and thrive, in unfading bloom and beauty, to “the last syllable of recorded time.”

I cannot leave this subject of Civil and Religious liberty without adding one thought more. It is painful enough to encounter the ill-starred opposition of blind superstition and ignorance, but how much more difficult it is, to battle successfully with those who are content to be degraded or who delight in misrepresentation and calumny. The political American sentiment of the country has been pictured to you as not only wicked, bloody-minded and intolerant, but as opposed to the letter and spirit of the Constitution of the United States. If it were so, it would deserve condemnation without mercy. But the opposite of the picture is the truth of the case, and I therefore call upon all assailants to make good their accusations, or to abandon them. Proscription is the error of the age, and the marked offence of our own country. To-day, at the Capitol of the Nation—where but now some men thunder so loud against you—for the humblest places in the gift of the most menial officials employed there, citizens are proscribed on account of their nativity and political opinions. Americans have been hunted from the old Capitol, from the new Capitol, from the Departments of Civil service, from the Navy Yard on the branch of the Potomac,—that same Potomac on the banks of which rest the remains of the Father of his Country, and who would have scorned to be governed by such principles. If the dead could rise from the tomb at Mount Vernon, clothed with the mortal flesh of him who for years gave up home, and family, and fortune, to secure the blessings of liberty to his country,—if those eyes, now closed in death, could see the spirit of innovation which pervades the land, and that voice, now hushed in the silence of the grave, could be heard in condemnation of those who have planted thorns all over the Republic,—who among the living could endure the gaze or bear the rebuke. But the words of Washington still live, and like

——“the actions of the just,  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.”



From the grave let them rise and pervade all our moral senses, as the flowers of spring and summer give sweetness and perfume to the air of Heaven. It is, my countrymen, on a day like this, your duty to make the precepts of Washington the practical maxims of your own lives, and to send them forth, from your Order and Organization, as from Missionary ground, throughout the land. Who in Washington's day, or in the day of the elder Adams, or under any of the earlier Administrations, would have thought it possible for one political party, or two political parties, or for the two combined into one, to proscribe American born citizens for subscribing to doctrines not only proclaimed in the last official, friendly words, of the Father of his Country, but maintained in every material form and principle through his daily life, until his sun set to rise no more on earth.

The Constitution of the United States, on which he anchored his best hopes of peace for the country, is, in sentiment, pre-eminently an American, as distinguished from a Party, paper. Look at the requirements it imposes upon, and the authority it gives to, the first and second officers of the Government,—to the delay, after naturalization, it requires, before a citizen, born out of the country, can become a member of either House of Congress—to the specific and incidental powers not only of the Chief Magistrate, but of the Presiding Officer of the United States Senate,—to the exclusive powers, vested in Congress to pass uniform laws upon the subject of naturalization, and now so often trampled under foot by the manufacture of aliens into voters before they become citizens. The framers of the Constitution adopted a system to operate equally upon all parts of the country, and not less effectively upon Territories than upon States. And yet we see men six months in the country in one State, voting for members of Congress and other officers, though it may require five or twenty-one years residence in another.

We are sometimes accused of putting at defiance those provisions in the Constitution which relate to an "Established Religion and the free exercise thereof,"—and which also forbid the institution of "Test Oaths" on the part of persons qualifying themselves for official place or position. This is but magnifying the original wrong of which we complain. There lives no American of my knowledge who ever proposed, or defended, the absurdity of a test oath in a qualification for office,—or who, in the wildest dreams of his imagination, ever supposed it to be possible, in this country, to pass a law prohibiting the free exercise of any religious opinion. Men may be politically opposed in consequence of their personal, party, or other opinions. And from sad experience, I think we know something of what an intensified opposition is, and to what extremes it may go, for simply holding fast to the faith that Priestly control of the temporalities of



the Church, and the Priestly punishment of Congregations in maintaining their own secular independence, is at war with the whole theory of our Government. For defending a principle which was preached at Leyden ;—proclaimed in Old England and New England,—from English Dissenters and English Churchmen—which by common consent separated American Episcopacy and Methodism from British Episcopacy and Methodism,—which has been growing stronger from Martin Luthur to past the middle of the Nineteenth Century, and which, I trust, in the onward march of tolerance and a liberal Christianity, is not to be arrested in the United States of America,—a man may not only, for his comfort, be anathematized and sent to Purgatory, but even ostracised by the State. But let us hope, nevertheless, that as often as the attempt is made to engraft upon our laws, and among our fixed habits of thought, a system so much at variance with that liberal action which gave birth to the country, there may be found capable and worthy men, possessed of sufficient moral courage to expose and resist the error, no matter who may be its advocate, or what the consequences of resistance.

The eyes of the advancing Nations of the Earth are naturally turned to America to behold the highest Civilization. To maintain the right,—“first pure and then peaceable,”—has an apostolic authority. “To maintain,” was the doctrine of King William, a man modelled upon a simple Government like our own, and not remotely connected with it. It was a principle which placed the Dutch Stadtholder upon the throne of the Stuarts of England,—and upon a yet higher throne,—the hearts of the American People,—the descendant from the Manor of Sulgrave in England, at the head of the American Army, and in the highest Civil office. It was the moving power of the little Province of Holland and Zealand in the 16th Century, of Holland and England in the 17th Century, and of the United States in the 18th and 19th Centuries. “To maintain,” is a sentiment at once sufficiently conservative and progressive to unite all men who love their country with a warm heart, and who may be willing to serve it with an honest purpose. This was the spirit of those who counselled war before submission in 1775–76,—and of those who were ready to renew the battle for National Right and the Freedom of the Seas in the war of 1812–15. Such men were but faithful to their Dutch and British ancestors, for in the wars of Europe each of these Nations had endeavored to distinguish between the crimson flag of a bloody revolution founded upon ambition and tyranny, and the pure white banner of an honorable peace, founded upon the highest justice.

It becomes us, my countrymen, as Americans, to pause for a moment to consider what a true Civilization is, for if this whole bound-

less Continent is to be ours, as so many think it will be, and as in the Providence of God it may be, let us go forward to possess it, armed rather with the noble purpose of improving the moral and material condition of our race, than with the bad ambition of conquest and subjugation. Nations, no more than individuals, can escape the obligations resting upon those in whose hands are placed responsibility and power. Washington in 1793, when there was no Neutrality law, issued his Proclamation to the American People against a violation of the Laws of Nations. It was his natural sense of justice which prompted the act. It was an appeal to the Patriotism and Justice of the Nation, just when it was upon the brink of civil war. The appeal was responded to, French intrigue overthrown, the passions of the people subdued, and the country saved from domestic violence. Washington knew the progressive destiny of the Nation, if not left to its own stormy passions and natural instincts, for by the precedent of the mother country, as far back as the Administration of Lord North, the question had been put by Colonel Barre, in the British Parliament, and in reference to America: "Who shall dare to set limits to the commerce and naval power of this country?" The first President had the same hopes for American Commerce that Mr. Adams had long indulged in, and it is due to the memory of old John Adams,—the Vice-President with Washington,—the successor of Washington in the Presidential office,—the man who nominated Washington in the Colonial Congress at Philadelphia to be the Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, and who was, through all, the friend of Washington,—to present his name as the fit and worthy associate of one always to be placed first in the affections of the People. By a dignified sense of what was due to the honor of his own land, by a spirit of forbearance towards France, now gradually changing her character from that of a benefactor to that of an oppressor, he saved the country from war, crushed the licentious spirit of party, and closed a career of public service, perhaps unsurpassed in the world for the labor, intelligence and patriotism it produced.

Two incidents in the life of Mr. Adams,—if I may digress for a moment,—though quite forty years apart, have struck me as deserving of notice, on account of the love of country which they manifest.

The one is drawn from his presentation at the Court of Great Britain, in the summer of 1785, as the first Ambassador of the United States, to the country of our great enemy. It was an occasion of profound interest, and as trying to the nerves of the King of Great Britain as to the Minister of an infant Nation. In the ante-chamber and in the King's bed chamber, at one moment surrounded by Ministers of State, Bishops in their robes, Lords and Courtiers, in the ceremonious costumes of the Court, Mr. Adams was the focus of all



eyes. At the next, he is in the King's closet and presence, and no one with him but the Marquis of Carmatheat, the then Secretary of State. He who, twenty years before, had breathed the very breath of hope into the hearts of his countrymen, who, as John Taylor, of Virginia, wrote to him at Quincy in 1824, had as early as 1765, "braved the British Lion when his teeth and claws were highly dangerous,"—whose pen was never at rest, whose voice never silent, whose labor and vigilance for his country was constant as the day,—now stood before the King who had not only lost his Colonies, but lost them as much through the elder Adams as that of almost any living man. If any thing on earth could at that hour be impressive it was an interview like this. The wish of the Minister was to restore "the old good nature, and the old good humor" between a people of the same language, similar religion and kindred blood,—and so, in brief and eloquent terms, he addressed himself in the royal presence. "The King," he says, "was much affected, and answered me with more tremor than I had spoken." "I was the last," said his Majesty, "to consent to the separation; but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States, as an independent power." The formal addresses soon passed into a familiar conversation, in the course of which, we are told, the King was pleased to say, after asking Mr. Adams if he was last from France: "There is an opinion among some people that you are not the most attached of all your countrymen to the manners of France." The answer which followed, many times in my life, has awakened my respectful admiration. "I must avow to your Majesty," said Mr. Adams, "that *I have no attachment but to my country!*" "The King," he says, replied as quick as lightning, "an honest man will never have any other." There spoke the spirit of the Patriots of the American Revolution, of Edmund Burke, and of the elder and younger Pitt, the bright particular stars of the reign of George III,—three of the ablest statesmen and noblest Englishmen of the British Empire. I need not say, that on this occasion even the words of a King proved altogether inferior to those of the Minister.

The other incident to which I allude, is found in one of Mr. Adams' letters to Thomas Jefferson, written in January, 1825, and sometime after the honorable restoration of confidence and friendship between the two. Mr. Jefferson was descending to the grave, devoted to the cause of letters, and especially to the promotion of the higher branches of Education in William and Mary College of his own beloved Virginia. This was the worthy employment of an honorable old age; and the best way to accomplish his desire, he thought, was to import teachers from Europe. "I do not," plainly and frankly,

said Mr. Adams, "*approve of your sending to Europe for Tutors and Professors.* I do believe there are sufficient Scholars in America to fill your professorships and tutorships with more active ingenuity and independent minds than you can bring from Europe." He saw how deeply Europeans were tainted with ecclesiastical and temporal prejudices, and with creeds and confessions, not in harmony with our Government, and he was for educating the American youth of our Colleges at the hands of those who had been trained in the spirit of the Institutions which were more completely established in the thoughts and affections of the People.

And of Mr. Jefferson, let me say, that upon the prominent public questions of the hour, such as National aggrandizement, personal expatriation, lawless innovation upon the territory of a neutral and friendly power, that the author of the Declaration of Independence acted in perfect harmony with his two illustrious predecessors. The famous Miranda expedition, under his Administration, and in which, in 1806, there were fitted out and organized at this port, nine hundred men, met with his unqualified disapprobation. He removed the officer of the New York Customs, who had cognizance of Miranda's movement, and in October 1809, after his retirement, "solemnly declared on his personal truth and honor that there was neither cooperation nor connivance on the part of the Federal authorities,"—and he adds to this a sentiment which ought to be written in letters of gold over the National Capitol, in the Executive Home, and in letters of living light upon the heart and spirit of every true servant of the people's welfare: "I never did, or countenanced in public life, a single act inconsistent with the strictest good faith,—*having never believed there was one code of morality for a public and another for a private man.*"

He felt, in securing foreign territory, as he acted in the purchase of Louisiana,—that acquisition must come by amity and treaty,—not by plunder and the sword,—and this, in spite of all foreign clamor, I rejoice to say, is true of every inch of land added to the original Territory of the United States. Mr. Jefferson had studied, perhaps, in the school of political ethics, laid down by Burke, who declared that even the good intentions of a man were no excuse for his bad actions. And how much truer is this sentiment when both motive and action become evil, evil only, and evil continually. Like the just men of our own time, he did not regard the land any more than the sea as the sanctuary of crime.

And in the true progress of American Civilization, let me add, before closing, that in all prosperous and deserving Governments, Justice and Intelligence must ever go hand in hand. If the Monarchies of Europe,—French, British and Russian,—have outstripped by centu-



ries of time, the period of the old Roman and Grecian Republics, the cause of the death of the latter, and of the prolonged life of the former, is to be found not in the advantages of Monarchy, but in the self-destroying system which characterized the powers which fell into decay. Of Rome and Greece both—

“ ’Twere long to tell and sad to trace  
Each step from splendor to disgrace.”

By the light of experience let us learn wisdom from the past. We desire, first, of all things on earth, as “the Order of United Americans,” to see our whole people and country Americanized, and our next wish is, in the gradual growth of events if acquisition must come, to see the whole American Continent Americanized, in spirit, if not in form. And, if it shall benefit mankind, all hail the day when in the New World every alien principality and power shall fade before the advancing beams of an intelligent, patriotic Christian Civilization; when, through all our geographical borders, from North to South, from East to West, we shall speak the same harmonious language, subscribe to the same liberal faith, rally in support of the same united Government, and feel that as every star in the Heavens is typical of the Celestial glory, so every star of our terrestrial Government, though in age, and of numbers of a brighter or lesser radiance, shall in sovereignty and unity be of

“ One nature and of one substance bred.”

As the crushed thyme on the hillside, and the rose distilled, impart the most fragrance and sweetness, or as the foliage of Autumn, stung by the early and chilling frost, is painted in all the gorgeous colors of the sky, so in that knowledge which is sorrow, that experience which is painful, we derive some of the most useful and instructive lessons of our lives.

Washington and our country grew up in the school of adversity. Both had enemies at home and abroad. There were men in America at the start who took counsel of their fears, and they lived a life of apprehension. There were others acting as secret enemies, and who were worse than open foes. The Jacobins of that day were not confined to France. Like a contagious disease, they spread themselves over the country. But just at the hour when a cloud of evil omen seemed about to spread over the horizon, it was in the power of one man, raised up, I have often thought by Providence, for the purpose, to cement in the bonds of the holiest union, the hearts of the entire people. Washington was ready, like Cæsar, for his country to carry the Eagle of victory all over the Empire, but never like Cæsar, to raise his standard for conquest and power. If he paused in war and



danger, it was that his country might profit by delay. His life from boyhood to manhood, especially in the love of truth, teaches us how much the character of one man may be distinguished from the life of another; and in that single departure from parental obedience, which we all remember as the one offence of childhood, we are almost glad the example has been left us for profit and instruction.

“How far that little candle throws its beams;  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.”

Born for mankind, and not for himself, for his whole country, and no one part of that country, his life was a bright example of personal honesty, of disinterested patriotism, and of that moral excellence, the influence of which will be felt to the remotest posterity.

There are but two ways to secure a progressive civilization. The one is the march of superstition, ignorance and cruelty, like the old invasion of Rome and of the Eastern Empire by the Huns, under the lead of Attila, “the Scourge of God,” or the invasion of an American Territory, followed by thousands of debased creatures under the lead of a Mormon ruler like Brigham Young. The other is an advance like that of the Pilgrims, bearing the Bible, building the Church, erecting the School House, and establishing the Printing Press. The one carries the sword and the bayonet, and its music is the martial airs of military glory and despotism. The other is armed with the plough, the loom, the anvil, and spinning jenny, and its fruits are the peaceful productions of an Empire. The one follows the instincts of power, plunder and extended dominion. The other is the handicraft of some implement of art, with Argus eyes and Briarean arms, by the use of which it does that in an hour which aforesaid consumed a day or a month. This it is which has made the American plow and reaper, and other useful inventions, almost historical over the world, enabling one man in a single glance of the eye, to look out upon eight score of reaping machines, followed by one thousand persons, who, together in sixty minutes, may gather and bind up the golden sheaves of two hundred acres of grain. And in this occupation, like the Roman Cincinnatus and the American Putnam, like Jefferson and Madison, Henry and Lee, and scores of others, Washington was trained and died. In it he learned that the province of the husbandmen, no less than that of the citizen, was to “free, enrich, adorn his native land.”

The professions of Agriculture and Commerce, of the Arts and Trade, and, founded upon a religious principle, the love of independance which these employments naturally inspire, led to the settlement of America. It was a settlement made in tears and sorrow, as well as in hope and reward, and to our fathers, “sweet were the uses of ad-

versity." And we, too, in the loss of friends, and in the misfortunes of trade have something to learn as a nation and as citizens in the school of discipline.

In all this, we are but repeating the story of those who knew Washington in his life, and who were with him in his death. And when, my friends, we are dumb and in our graves, future generations shall speak and hear the same high praise.

What can I say more. What could I say less. Brothers and countrymen, behold, admire, revere, study and imitate, the bright example. Behold him who, in the language of a contemporaneous patriot, preferred "duty before fame and fame before safety and repose," who sought to build up a country which should possess "virtue without weakness, sentiment without passion, liberty without faction." Looking at this distance of time, from his birth to his death, from his grave to the present hour, we can see that while he did not often dazzle his countrymen by the fire of his words or the daring of his deeds, he won their admiration, love, and respect, by the uniform disinterestedness, judgment, and ability displayed in all that he thought, expressed, or did. His love of his native land, overruling all self love, was the only recompense he sought for his long career of service, and to him this was the amplest compensation which his country could bestow. As the sun breaking in the East, gilds the earth with its glories, and rising higher and higher, scatters the morning mist, drying up the pestilential vapors, purifying the atmosphere, and "growing larger at its setting," sinks away, bathed in the gold and crimson of the West, so rose upon our blessed land the light of WASHINGTON, to "to illumine what was dark, and to raise and support" what was feeble and dependent.

"So sinks the Day Star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky—  
So WASHINGTON sunk low, but mounted high."

He is not dead, my friends, but,—with Adams and Hancock, Hamilton and Marion, Jay and Henry, and the whole host of worthy men, statesmen and soldiers, whose lustrous stars, like the Northern Constellation and the Southern Cross, on the same sky, have shed a halo of glory over all our latitudes of territory,—he rests from his labors, and his works do follow him. For us is left to study the life, the death, the inspired Farewell Words of the one WASHINGTON. His quiet dignity, like the repose of nature; his deep thought, never falling short of a calm, sublime fullness, suggestive of the best actions; his wisdom, and the absence of all irregular points of character,



make him, in the symmetry of an almost faultless life, even in death, what a perfect work of art is in marble.

Voiceless and motionless is the statue inaugurated in a sister city to-day, in the presence of the Representatives of the Nation, of State Sovereignty, and of the people of many Commonwealths; but who is there that sees not in the rider and the steed a life which gives vitality and fire even to death itself. The event to which I allude derives a special interest because it also, I hope, inaugurates a new interest in the character of Washington. I record the noble work of "the Ladies of the Mount Vernon Association" to secure for two hundred thousand dollars, two hundred acres of the Mount Vernon property, and to include the tomb, mansion, garden and grounds of Washington—all to be forever held sacred to his memory.

To complete this purchase—to improve this hallowed ground—is a labor of love and patriotism which the women of our country have generously taken upon themselves to perform. It is fitting that those who are of the sex of the Mother of WASHINGTON,—and only such a mother could have given birth to such a son,—should share in the privilege of this National contribution, and therefore, I call upon you, my countrywomen, to seize upon the opportunity afforded through the Association I have named, and to join hands and hearts in the ownership and government of the only spot of earth held sacred to all our people.—On that altar, stimulated by a double affection for our mothers and daughters, our country and our race, let all find a new incentive to preserve the nation which Washington loved with all his heart and served with all his power.

And O, my countrymen, on a day like this, would that I could invoke the aid of some muse like that which tuned the harp of the songster of Lycidas, that I might clothe the graves of all our honored dead with memories of living green, with flowers that never die; or if not that, at least in this your annual pilgrimage, that I might, seeking inspiration for the occasion, wisely guide you to the tombs of our heroes, not alone to strew upon those graves

"The rathe primrose that, forsaken, dies,"

but "with glowing violets, well attired woodbines,"

"With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head;  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears,  
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffodils fill their cups with tears"

To strew the "laureate hearse," where, watched by angels and attended by long generations of men, sleeps the human form divine of our countryman, friend and father, the great and good Washington.



